The Angels

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The Angels

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Summary

When he died, Will had hope for rest, a long and long rest. But no rest in the after life, but duties and his was to 'Guard' Hannibal Lecter a murderer and Cannibaland help him to fulfil his destiny...

When Will had died he had expected nothing, as a comforting blackness, a void without any more responsibilities or chores. But no there was something, not like hell and paradise, but an afterlife responsibility. It was quite a shame for his taste he had hope for some rest after a long-life fighting crime and slowly going insane from it. But no, he had to select a duty from the desk board… He could choose between: climatic disaster planning, newcomer welcoming, guardian angel duties, soul reaping and earth gardening. Nothing was sounding right to him, so he picked randomly by closing his eyes, “Guardian, great! I’m sure it will be perfect for you given your life!” said the desk-lady. He had given her disillusioned smile.

This was definitely not what he had expecting reading the manual. The duty was simple on paper: help your protected fulfil their destiny. Easy enough in fact, quite forward and simple. But no! His protégé was a serial killer! And a Cannibal in top of that. And no, his role was not to stop him but to help him escaping the police and place new victims on his path. This was not going ‘perfectly given his previous life’. This was not it, he was doing the opposite. He tried to sabotage himself for the first mouth but get reprimanded for it. He had also tried to place victims he founded to be more morally grey to bring to their death, animal abusers, child molester and even a killer once. It had worked but his direction had called him to order. It was not the operational mode of the man, he was killing the rude and even if those were rude, he could kill for far less.

After almost three month of following the man around he was starting to kind of liking him. He had some style, his crime scene was among the best he had ever seen, and he had seen his share. There was a poesy in it, a very artistic take on the mortality. The only think making him furious was the advice he was giving while doing his job as a therapist. It was one thing to be a murderer and a cannibal but it was another to steer other in this direction. He had let out a sigh seeing him kill Franklyn, one of his patient, before stopping breathing as he could see the eyes of Hannibal on him. Had the man eared him? It was not supposed to be the case. The glance was unfocused, so he dismissed it.

Will had asked his hierarchy that had confirmed: he could not have been seen by mortals nor eared. But he had seen Hannibal looking at him two more time in the week. Even sniffing near his position on one peculiar evening where he had confronting Tobias on his art, poor and nowhere near his.

One month later, Will was sitting on the therapy seat, waiting for something to append, but it was not quite what he had in mind. Hannibal had entered the room before freezing looking straight at him: “Who are you?”. Will had open his mouth to answer and close it, repeated the action before finally saying: “You guardian angel? Not really guardian tho… More like a helping angel?” Clearly it was not the answer the man had expected. “Hum, I must go, you were not supposed to see me you know.” added Will before going back to his hierarchy to help sort this mess.

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